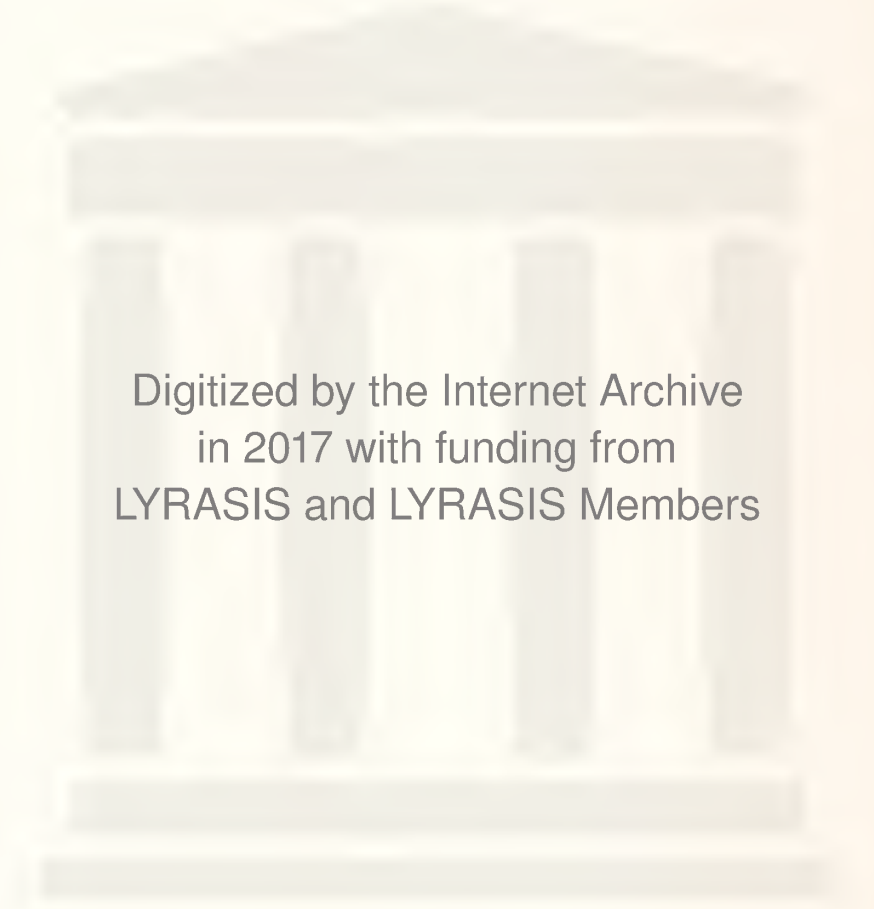
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The Missile

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THE NEW AUDITORIUM

This session was marked by two important improvements in the appearance of the High School. That curtain which has always been a subject of ridicule, with its rags and rents, has been replaced. The auditorium, which we considered indeed handsome, has been entirely remodeled. Without any opposition, it deserves its title: "the finest in the state."

The school board presented the students the new auditorium as a gift, but the new curtain, which is a very beautiful blue one with a valence on which are the gold letters "P. H. S.", is to be the gift of the student body to the school.

We can express some of the feeling of appreciation we feel towards the school board for this gift through our spirit in taking care of it. The auditorium is an inseparable part of the High School and High School life. We should take special care of it. Only a little carefulness is required, but it means so much in the appearance of the auditorium. Last year when the assembly was white, finger prints and hand prints were so noticeable on the walls that a visitor in the auditorium thought he was in a dective's den. By remembering merely little things like this we shall see that the auditorium will always look as it did on the day of the first assembly.

We have all hoped to pay for the curtain with the

Lyceum Course. So far the expenses of the Course have scarcely been made. Although the first entertainment has been given, we must not think that we need sell no more season tickets. We do not have to be discouraged, but let us remember that if we will all co-operate and decide to sell each time "just one more", then we can be able to present the curtain as a gift of the students to the school and incidentally help other school institutions.

—T. K.

A POPULAR COURSE

As some one has aptly said, the most popular "course" in the High School and one that each one takes is that given by Miss Betty and Mrs. Pettit at a quarter past twelve every day. Our lunch room has become an indispensable course.

It is known among teachers—especially is this true in the grammar school—that many pupils rush away from home without any breakfast and without taking any lunch tinction of having the first real lunch room of all the schools. This has occurred many times here also. We have the dis- It has meant a great deal for us, although students laugh at the breakfast business, and "Oh—I didn't have time to prepare some lunch." It does irreparable damage to the constitution, weakening pupils both mentally and physically. Now, through our lunch room, one can get a delightfully prepared luncheon for a mere song, mothers being relieved of the necessity of preparing it and students the burden of forgetting it.

We should patronize the lunch room and realize the good it has accomplished in the school.

—T. K.

IRISH

Mr. Wiggins glared spitefully at the broken windshield and then at the frightened little ragmuffin who had broken it.

"Damn ye, ye lil' devil. I'll have ye arrested—put in a reformitory. Do ye hear?"

"Ye'll have to cotch me first," piped the red-headed little Irish rebel from behind a telegraph pole.

"Demon, do ye know who I be?" roared Mr. Wiggins, jumping out of his rickety Ford. Irish glared at Irish. Red hair, speckeled with gray, flared at red hair. Blue eyes snapped at blue eyes.

"Naw," answered young Ireland.

"Wal, I'll jus' let ye know I be the Sheriff of this-a -here part o' the country," old Ireland puffed with pride, see-sawing on heel and toe, almost toppled over with importance.

"Wal, Wal, I'll jus' let ye know who I be. My name's Pat and I be jus' arrived from Ireland to find me uncle who lived in Noo York, but as nary one had heerd tell o' him in that city, I started walking in the country to find him."

Here "young Ireland" emerged from behind the pole and strutted into the road— an exact imitation of the Sheriff.

"Wal, now, if ye be a son o' ol' Ireland—but get ye gone befo' I arrest ye, as me mounding duty."

Mr. Wiggins started for the spit-fire and the boy took out and flew down the road until all the Sheriff could see was a pair of bare heels and shock of red hair.

Turning back to the Ford, he saw the broken wind-shield and stamped his foot.

"The lil' villian, broken the wind-shield—what ever will Mandy say! And wi' me own potatoes too."

That night as Mr. Wiggin's good-natured wife went to shut up the chickens, she happened to go into the barn to catch one that had gotten out of the chicken yard. Seeing a red speck up in the hay-loft, she called her husband to come out and get it down.

"Mandy," he called down from the loft, "shall I bring ye down ye chicken?"

"O' course, being that what I asked o' ye."

Mr. Wiggins picked up something in his arms, and descended slowly.

"Look-a-here, Mandy!"

"Holy Virgin!"

"It's me lil' rebel from dear ol' Ireland."

"Land's sake—now maybe he be hungry, all sleeping

there peaceful like, the lil' lamb. Bring him to the house, Pat."

The sleeping lad woke up as he got into the light of the kitchen and jumped up quickly, rubbing his eyes.

"Be ye hungry, dearie?" asked Mandy.

"Yes—where be I? Have ye heard o' me uncle, Mr. Patrick O'Shennon Wiggins o' Noo York?"

"What? Your uncle!"

"Yes, do ye know him?"

"The Pat Wiggins o' Noo York!" answered the Sheriff excitedly, drawing himself up proudly.

"Wal, land's sakes," murmured Mandy.

The boy drew himself up to his small full height and piped proudly.

"I be Patrick O'Shannon Wiggins Macy from Dublin."

"Mary's son! My nephew!" cried old Pat.

"Wal, now, who'd o' thought it!" exclaimed Mandy, hurrying around to find the boy some food, "He's exactly like ye, Pat, and I do believe he'll have a taste for Irish potatoes, same as ye."

MARGARET LEIGH.

STYLES OF '22

(The following poems were written in a contest for a prize offered by Prof. H. A. Miller of the English department. Maclin Cogbill won the prize—two tickets to Fritz Leiber's Macbeth):

I long to be in the South Sea Isles,
And rest with ne'er a thought of styles
To mar my peace. More tears are shed
O'er what to wear than o'er the dead;
Consider, too, the loss of smiles.

Within our closets there are piles
Of worthless clothes, so I'd walk miles
To the South Sea Isles where you have read
I long to be.

A smart designer with his wiles
Me into buying oft beguiles;

And stylish hats to fit my head
Deprive me of my meat and bread.
Thus in the happy South Sea Isles
I long to be.

MACLIN B. COGBILL, Jr.

In present styles there's much ado,
That such is so is clearly true;
One day the rise of shirts we see
From point of ankle to the knee
With fringed edge around them too.

With shades, colors and many a hue
Fashion walks the streets with you,
And bobbed-haired girls are all aglee
In present styles.

But now the old becomes the new,
They wear them now as they used to do.
A little strange they seem to me;
I wonder what the next will be,
For many sights have come to view
In present styles.

HUGH WILKERSON.

In modern styles, as seen today,
We shock the dames of yesterday;
And those of old colonial age,
Would shake their heads like some wise sage,
And hope they have not come to stay.

But we are always making way,
And glad to hear Dame Fashion say
That she has turned the latest page
In modern styles.

Perhaps she gives us something gay;
At times it is a queer array;
This fall the skirts of longer gauge
Assume the center of the stage.
What will we have this coming May
In modern styles?

—FLORENCE CROCKER.

OLD SOL

Merrily whistling the latest jazz tune, Dick Thurston goes marching along the banks of a mountain stream with a fishing pole on his shoulder. Suddenly stopping in the middle of the tune, he thinks aloud:—

"Gosh! this mountain life is getting rather boring—up at seven, fishing 'til lunch, reading and exploring from then until dinner, to bed with the chickens, and—too much time to think!"

"You don't find these beautiful mountains dull, do you?" This in the thin cracked voice of Miss Hawks, an old maid, who is staying at the same hotel that Dick is.

Dick, a society pet of Washington, D. C., had fallen into the company of light, carefree boys and had collected some of their habits, which he now claimed as his own. His father, an artist, had died when Dick was a small boy. Mrs. Thurston, wishing her only son to be a success in life, and afraid that these habits he was now acquiring would grow upon him for life, decided to suggest the mountains as a suitable place for Dick's vacation. Dick, wishing to try anything once, accepted the suggestion, little knowing or carrying what prompted his mother in her choice. He had "loafed" at college all during the year, his senior year, and had had to work hard that past month to make his mother proud of him. Therefore he was tired and eager to be away from civilization for a rest. Telephoning his friends a hasty, but cheery 'au revoir,' he had left the next day.

* * * *

A rainy day and Dick in a very pessimistic state of mind. The two windows in the room both facing the west, and the west wind blowing the rain toward the east, he had had to close them. .The result was a very hot, stuffy room. Of course he could go down on the veranda—but confound it all! that troublesome Miss Hawks was down there. She had—er-er, well sort o' fallen in love with Dick, like almost any maiden lady who, if she had ever had a chance to be married, had lost it would have done. Having nothing else to occupy his mind, Dick started rambling through his trunk which, as yet, had not been wholly unpacked. At the very bottom he found his easel and artist's materials. This would

be something to occupy his time these long days! How thoughtful it was of his brother to put it in! His whole being restored to its usual optimistic point of view, he fell asleep.

When he awoke it was to be informed that someone was awaiting him down stairs. The name was not given, so not troubling himself to imagine who it was, he did the sensible thing and hurried down to see.

It was Jack! His pal, Jack Holden! "You've the only surprise I've had since I've been so near the ethereal blue! How like the earth it is to see you once more, Jack."

"The fact is, I'd have been here before if I had known you were anywhere near. I'm only two miles away. Some of the fellows here came over to my place yesterday and mentioned the fact that there was a stranger over here who was very much disinterested and discontented with their bea-utiful mountain surroundings.' I didn't know where you were Dick, but being slightly acquainted with you and knowing how religious this inn of yours is—well, I wanted to see you so badly that I took a chance and came."

"Awf'ly kind of you, ole chap."

"Say, come over to our place with me tomorrow. 's life over there. Dance ev'ry night—pretty girls too. Quite a nice program, eh?"

"I'll think about it. Thought I'd 'wield the brush,' as old 'Fess used to say, in the morning. I always liked it you know. Not much as a profession, but—oh! I don't intend to have a profession any time soon anyway."

"Well, I must get back. I have the first dance with a peach tonight. Glad my surmise was right. Goin' to look for you."

According to his plans, Dick was up before the sun the next morning. He wished to sketch the sun as he first peeped between the mountain ridge. How bracing this cool, brisk mountain air was! If he could just be in it always he would be ready for work all the time. He soon found the choice part of the scenery which he had picked out unconsciously on one of his many purposeless rambles. The sun began to look at him just in time for him to put the effect of it into his picture. As he sketched the tress and outlined the ridge he remembered how, in first beginning Latin, he had confused sol with solus. Now they really were

related, for he and the sun seemed to be alone. It was so tranquill, beautiful, and no one to disturb him. By the time he began to gather up his material to leave, the sun had grown so embarrassed with being painted that it had risen high in the heavens.

What was that sign-board over there? It marred the scenery so!

```
* * * * * * * * * *
*                   *
*   DANCES NIGHTLY  *
*                   *
*   Trained Orchestra *
*                   *
*  MOUNTAIN TOP INN *
*                   *
* * * * * * * * * * *
```

By the way! He had forgotten his promise to Jack. He would like to dance some. It had been ages since he had been to a dance! But he had to get that same scene at sunset. He just couldn't miss that. The sign board said there were dances nightly. He would go some other night. Jack would understand.

Mrs. Thurston had heard that Jack Holden was summering near Dick. Becoming alarmed with the fear that her scheme has failed, she hastily decided to finish the summer with Dick. She arrived late that afternoon to be informed that Dick had been gone the whole day. This information did not help matters. Poor boy! This place did seem terribly quiet!

However at the sight of him she was very much relieved Besides having his painting materials with him his eyes, usually so alert, were now so deep and peaceful and his whole countenance wore a calm, rested look. Though surprised, he was glad to see his mother.

He decided that he could get to the dance after all. The moon was kindly lighting the way as he started out. How beautiful the night was! As he drew nearer the inn, a crowd, a dance, a hot dance hall fell more and more in the comparison that he was subconsciously making of the night outside and the dance. The sombre, still mountain ridges stood

guard in the distance. The silver beams of the moon made the light on the stream look like a wide band of satin. What was the matter with him? He wanted to dance, to be in a crowd once more, yet—what was it that drew him, held him, out in this wonderful, lovely night? Try as hard as he could, he did not find an explanation unless—no, those stern, sombre mountains, it could not be them. Yet they seemed to possess a strange fascination for him. They were so large, so impregnable. They seemed to be guarding the little valley at their feet. Was it they? He did not know. Whatever it was, he seemed to like it and he still pondered (himself the question) even while he slept.

He repeated the activities of the previous morning. This time he wished to finish his painting. He worked quickly and it was soon finished with the exception of the last, fond, lingering touches, called "finishing touches," put on here and there, really because the artist hates to leave his painting.

* * *

Miss Hawks has been telling me how intent you have been on your worok, Dick".

"That was very kind of her, I'm sure," said Dick, patiently this time.

"Let us see your picture."

"I'm afraid I worked too fast," as he handed it to his mother.

"It's exquisite."

"What will you name it?" queried the mother.

"OLD SOL, I think."

"You haven't lost your light-heartedness yet. It's just hiding in some of these mountain caves," he laughed.

Dick wanted to get back to the study of his art. As he was really in earnest about his work for the first time in his life, his mother was happy to be hurried home.

Jack wished him luck and said he wished he was with him.

Miss Hawks secretly cried at their departure, and Dick passed into the long list of lost chances.

—KATHERINE LEDFORD.

A SHEAF OF PARADIES

MOONSHINE

In the woods of Pocahontas
Where the pines are tall and narrow,
By the River Appomattox
Where the bushes grow together,
When the nights are clear and starry,
And the moon is shining brightly,
There the stills are working briskly;
Drink is flowing, O so freely,
And their jaws are getting fuller
In the courtyard stand the sheriffs
Guns in hand and fixed all ready
For the hunting of moonshiners.
In the woods of Pocahontas
Where the pines are tall and narrow,
By the River Appomattox
Where the bushes grow together.
In a clearing of the forest
Are the 'shiners all aglowing,
With the prospect of enrichment
From the liquor there distilling.
But the sheriffs, plodding homeward,
Thru the forest smell no whiskey;
So the 'stillers still are 'stilling,
And their jaws are getting fuller
In the woods of Pocahontas
Where the pines are tall and narrow,
By the River Appomattox
Where the bushes grow together.

—E. C. SIMMONS.

HIAWATHA'S WOOING

In the land of the Dacotas,
In the land of laughing waters,
Came the lanky Hiawatha
Dolled in clothes he wore on Sunday;
Came to win the pretty flapper,

Handsome, vamping Minnehaha.
"Hey there, Indian arrow-maker,
Bring forth from your tent sweet Minnie."
Daddy frowned, for he was stingy,
Wished to keep his laughing brooklet.
Then came curious Minnehaha,
Grinning, giggling at this Injun.
When he saw his dream-girl standing
In the doorway sweetly blushing,
Up he jumped, and leaping forward,
Caught her up in arms so muscular,
Placed her in his old tin lizzie,
Waved farewell to papa Injun
Who was calling back his girlie,
Handsome, laughing Minnehaha,
Who is now the happy bride of
Her romantic Hiawatha.

—FLORENCE CROCKER.

HIAWATHA—(With Variations)

Should you ask me why I write this,
Why I toil and waste my time thus,
I should answer, I should tell you,
'Tis because in 3-B English,
Our instructor, Mr. Miller,
Says to me that I must write it,
This burlesque on Hiawatha.

Hiawatha, painted red skin,
Sallied forth into the great woods,
With his ash bow, shaped like Cupid's,
For to kill the antlered roebuck
For to shoot Arduk, the red deer.
And his arrow, by good fortune
Went into the heart of red deer,
Smiting him as if 'twere thunder.
Hiawatha grew to manhood,
Grew to be a mighty savage,
Fell in love, as 'tis the custom
And set out to seek his maiden.

To the land of the Dacotahs,
To the arrow maker's wigwam,
With a deer upon his shoulders,
Went the mighty Hiawatha,
For to woo young Minnehaha,
Woo and win the Laughing Water.

Winter came with cold and hunger,
Came and froze the Laughing Water,
Froze her so she never melted.
When our Hiawatha found her,
Frozen thus and never thrawing,
He did mourn and fast for two weeks,
For he could not keep from fasting
Since the food had all been eaten.

BEVERLY L. PATTON.

ELEVEN P. M.

"What was that?" said Marvell, as the light flickered and then went out.

"I—I don't know," faltered her chum, Dot.

"Oh Lordy, why did we ever stay here alone, Dot?" said Marvell. "Someone must be fooling with the electric lights and the switches are down on the first floor."

"But the old watchman is down there with the chauffeur, isn't he?"

"Oh yes, so he is," said Marvell in a relieved tone of voice, as she lay back in bed. "But what should they be doing to the lights?" she came back at her chum.

"Don't ask me that," said Dot.

Suddenly the light on the dresser flared up again and as quickly went out. Before either girl could say a word two shots rang out almost simultaneously on the night air, followed the next second by two more.

"O-o-o-oh," said Marvell in a quivering voice.

Dot, braver than her host, had already gotten up and slipped on her kimono.

"Come on Marvell," she said, "we've got to see about this; you know that your parents are not at home tonight."

"I can't," said Marvell, "I just can't."

But Dot persisted and finally got Marvell to go as far as the steps. Here, however, the frailer girl balked, and could not be induced to descend by the feeble rays of the light Dot carried.

"No, no, it's so dark down there," she said. "I can't go down to that dreadful place, Dot."

"Oh, come on Marvell," said Dot. "You must go with me. Something has happened, and we should find out what it is."

They had proceeded down the stairs and were creeping up the hall when suddenly the lights flared up and revealed the figure of a man sprawled, face down, on the floor. The old watchman of the Prentis property lay huddled further back in the hall. All this the two girls saw in a single glance, and, the next minute, Marvell promptly fainted dead away.

Dot, keeping her head, carried her chum to a couch just as the chauffeur came running up.

"I got him all right," he exclaimed as he saw the rigid form of the burglar on the floor, "but poor old Mike, I guess he's fired his last shot."

"Please 'phone the police, quick!" said Dot, as she worked to bring Marvell to, "maybe there are same more of them around here."

"Yes, mam," said the chauffeur, as he grabbed the telephone.

Just fifteen minutes later, the police had cleared out the hall, Marvell had recovered sufficiently to talk, and Inspector Johnston had begun his investigation.

"You say that you were just going to bed when your light suddenly went out?" he said, addressing himself to the chauffeur.

"Yes, sir."

"And ours did too," said Marvell.

"What did you do then?" continued the officer, not noticing Marvell's remark.

"I grabbed my pistol and came from my room to the back door of the kitchen. Just as I came in, the lights flashed up and two shots rang out in the upper hall here. I got up here as soon as I could and when I reached this switchboard——."

"Well?" said Inspector Johnston, noticing the man pause.

"When I reached this switchboard here," continued the boy, "a man stepped out and ran for the door. I followed him and fired two shots as he ran. As you can see, he did not get away. I went back and turned on the lights, and when I came here again these ladies were here."

"Uh-huh," was the officer's comment.

"How long did you say it was, Miss, after you heard the last shot before you got down stairs?"

"At least fifteen minutes, sir," said Dot. "I had to persuade my chum, here, to come down with me."

"Yes, sir, that's right," said Marvell.

"No doors or windows open, and yet the dead man's pal presumably escaped with fifteen hundred dollars' worth of jewelry," mused the Inspector to himself.

"How does it happen, sir," he said aloud to the chauffeur, "that you were engaged fifteen minutes in getting to the switch and turning out the lights?"

"The ladies must be mistaken," said the one addressed.

"No, they seem quite sure of their time," said the officer, watching the man's face closely.

Then suddenly, "Sergeant, search this man's room."

"No you're not," said the chauffeur, running to get between the Sergeant and the door, but he found himself instead between two policemen, who held him in spite of all his struggles to get away.

In a few minutes the man returned bearing the loot.

"Ha-ha," laughed the Inspector. "You haven't had much experience, boy, you should have gotten your time better. Why anyone could read that as clear as day."

"Oh; officer, don't take me to jail," said the boy as the policeman handcuffed him.

"Do you realize that you have killed one man and are directly responsible for the death of a second?" said the Inspector sternly. "Drag him out, men."

"Well, I guess we can go back to bed, now," said Dot to her chum as the police left, dragging the whimpering chauffeur out with them.

"I don't believe I can sleep after all this," said Marvell, as she climbed the stairs with her chum. "I do wish fa-

ther and mother had not gone to that house party for the night and left us here alone. Poor boy, I wonder what made him want to rob the rouse?"

"Poor old watchman you'd better say," said her chum. "He's the one to be pitied, if anyone."

"Well, I don't see how I can sleep," said Marvell, as she and Dot climbed again into the bed. "But oh, won't we have one to tell at school tomorrow?"

—ROBERT WOOD.

A FANCY

I saw a little fairy maid,
Just at the break of dawn;
And she was merrily playing
Upon the fresh green lawn.
And as I watched her gamboling

Among the flowers bright;
I saw her dart beneath a bud,
And disappear from sight.

Then suddenly she ambled forth,
So proud, and gladly free;
For she was taking a morning ride,
Upon a honey bee. WILLIAM READE.

TROPICAL MADNESS.

"Helen," he said in his grave matter-of-fact tone and meekly, as usual, waited her response.

"What, John?" came from the demure blonde in the chair opposite him. She possessed a wondrous-wise expression in her large blue eyes for a girl of twenty-three.

He proceeded: "Helen, I've been wanting to ask you a question for some time———."

At last it was coming! Two nights a week for four years she had expected it; she had long since made up her mind that her answer would be "yes." Indeed John Mannerby was a nice man, nice looking, about five feet eight, with dark hair, dark grey eyes—to her he was almost handsome. She was the only regular girl he had ever had and some-

how she felt assured that he did think lots of her; and now after four years of waiting he was going to speak.

"I want you," he continued in his matter-of-fact way, "to give this matter your deepest consideration,———."

The large open fire sent its glow over the dimly lighted room, and she blushed—blushed to her heart's content—and complaining of the fire being so warm, she moved her chair near his; then he resumed: "The question is this: Do you think my sister is too young to have company?"

"No," came the curt reply, and because of its curtness fifteen minutes elapsed before either spoke; then—"John, for heaven's sake say something!"

And he proceeded to talk of the forthcoming election.

Nights like these continued for six months longer, then Helen Laramore left her home in Maine to spend the winter season with her uncle at Palm Beach.

And not even the night before her departure did John say anything except to wish her a nice trip.

After three weeks of loneliness, for some reason which was better known to John alone, he too left for Palm Beach.

At the station he purchased a scientific magazine and, upon opening it, read with much enthusiasm that statistics showed that in the warmer climates people were more passionate, and to certify this statement the article quoted that the number of marriages in the tropics more than doubled those of the temperate zones. At last! maybe the climate would give him more nerve; well he did love Helen, but always when he would speak of matrimony to her he would lose courage.

It happened that a week after his arrival a dance was given in her honor and, of course, John was invited. A dance! What would John do at a dance? He had never danced in all his life, but he went and—danced; the balmy air, the sweet strains of soft music, and Helen's eyes! How could he help it? In a little secluded corner he did so wondrously well until Ben Rames came up, and then he was left with only delicate, fragrant odors; she has gone. John watched them as they danced, how gracefully to the soft music, and then came the climax—Ben led her dreamily through the large doorway out on the veranda, and they were out of sight. At first he felt hurt, and then he ex-

perienced a new feeling, entirely unknown to John Manner-by—a feeling of jealousy that almost equalled madness; but what claims did he have on her? What claims might he have had? What a fool he had been! If he had tried and lost, it wouldn't have been any worse.

The next night he had an engagement with Helen, and all that day he wondered what he would say. Night came and he was still undecided. Somehow she seemed more attractive this night than ever before.

"Let's walk out, there's a wonderful moon," this was Helen's suggestion; and they walked together in the moonlight—walked arm in arm, until John felt as if all the world had stopped as they passed between the roses and lilies, where the air was delicately perfumed with the odor of orange blossoms; and ever was there the music of the waves dancing on the rocks along the beach.

Suddenly he said, "Oh, Helen, I believe you'll run me wild; I just can't live without you."

Mercy! She stared at him. What had happened to John?

"Yes, really," he added.

"Poor John! Please don't die," and she smiled bewitchingly, as she continued, "it isn't I, it's these tropical nights," and he remembered the article he had read on the train.

"No, you're wrong, I've always loved you this way," he responded as he took her into his arms.

"O-oh! Then it's the climatic thrill that's made you say so," when she had recovered from the shock.

"Tonight you are to marry me," he said calmly, again in his usual matter-of-fact tone; "I bought the license today and the minister doesn't live ten minutes away!"

"But, John, it is so sudden!" she answered nervously.

"So sudden—after all these years? Well, I'll not wait another day."

On her way back from the minister's she laid her head on his shoulder and asked: "John, did I go with you, or did you just take me?"

* * *

2,600 years ago somebody, perhaps Aesop, said: "A wise man takes what he wants." MAURICE W. BUTLER.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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EDITORIAL

Ye students of the Petersburg High School, you do not appreciate your magnificent opportunities. Just focus your optical nerves on the stupendous edifice erected to you by Ed. Ucation. Gaze at the elaborate auditorium just one moment, and you will be dumb-founded at the marvelous beauty that enthralls your sight. The curtain of deep, rich Persian blue which majestically drapes from the summit of the stage, floats in the violet-scented atmosphere as gracefully as a swan glides over the silver lake. Just think, you, the favored children of this illustrious and golden age, are graciously given the privilege, the privilege for which your ancestors would have gladly given their life's precious blood; yes, favored children, the privilege of paying for this exquisite curtain. But, O most fortunate children, while ye are basking in these golden opportunities, don't forget, "What you are to be, you are now becoming."

CARD PARTY BEING HELD NEAR CITY

Oswald Duffinheim, our local correspondent, has just returned to the metropolis from an extensive tour of the principal southern cities. He brings us word that the cities have changed greatly in the past few years. He hardly recognized Waverly since they have erected a new hotching post in front of the post-office. On his way home he passed by Swift Creek and joined the enthusiastic throng about the card game. It is hoped that the bridge will be completed by next month.

TEE TABLE TALK

Mrs. Pitmore yesterday won the women's golf championship of the city. Mrs. Pitmore's score was as follows:—

No. of Golfs killed_____22
No. of Golfs wounded_____16

Sandy Gilliam is so ignorant he thinks that gold links are animals.

POET'S COLUMN

Found scratched on the walls of cell 315, this little poem supposed to have been written during a period of punishment.

I Really Shouldn't Shout

I really shouldn't shout
I really shouldn't shout,
But why shouldn't I shout in school
At the funny things about?

2nd Spasm

Mary is curling her golden locks,
Sally is powdering her nose,
Just the very tip end, I mean,
So that's the way it goes.

3rd Convulsion

You can't shout a laugh you know,
You can't shout a pout,
So if you shouldn't shout a shout,
Pray, what should you shout?

ADVERTISEMENTS

WANTED to buy—Motorcycle by a man with a side car. Box 364.

WANTED to sell—Northern home with Southern exposure. Apply to Ham Shire, care paper.

LOST—An umbrella by an old man with bent ribs. Reward. Box 298.

THEATRE CALENDAR

IDLE HOUR

Mae Murray in "Figures Don't Lie"

CALOMEL

Rodolph Vaselino in "Olive Oil"

CHEW RIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
"It has a movement all its own"

SOCIETY NOTES

Zukey Ripple has just returned home from a quilting bee held in Cobb's Corner. The party was marred by only one accident, Miss Ripple being stung by one of the bees.

BOYS' ATHLETICS

P. H. S. 46—Burkeville 0

Petersburg High mixed well the two main football factors, quickness and intelligence, in smothering Burkeville 46 to 0 here on October 27. The entire Petersburg backfield thrilled the crowd with its hard line bucks, and its spectacular aerial attack.

P. H. S. 6—Newport News 33.

On November 4th, the Maroon and Black squad journeyed to Newport News and there fell in defeat at the hands of the Newport News High eleven by a score of 33 to 6. Cook made the touchdown for Petersburg in the last quarter.

P. H. S. 0—Maury 20.

The Maury High team from Norfolk proved too strong for the old P. H. S. eleven here November 18, and handed them a 20 to 0 defeat. The High School team played well, though in a crippled condition, and outweighed 15 pounds to the man.

P. H. S. 6—Suffolk 0.

Sweeping the Suffolk High opposition aside and launching a terrific offensive in the last quarter, P. H. S. triumphed at Suffolk, November 24, by a score of 6-0. Hargrave and Hawkins emerged as heroes of the battle, Hargrave making the touchdown in the final quarter.

P. H. S. 0—Fork Union 14

In the last and most hotly contested game of the season the Petersburg High football warriors lost to the Fork

Union Military Academy by the score of 14 to 0 on Thanksgiving Day, before the largest crowd that has witnessed a game here this season. Though outweighed many pounds to the man the locals fought bravely to the last. Captain Perkinson played a brilliant game. Cook as quarter-back handled the team well and played a fine offensive game.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

P. H. S. 28—Kenbridge 16

P. H. S. after setting her aim has gone the first measure. On Nov. 10, P. H. S. defeated Kenbridge on P. H. S.'s court after a hard struggle for a victory.

P. H. S. 18—Kenbridge 13.

On November 18, "Ole" P. H. S. journeyed to Kenbridge where the Red and Black colors clashed with the Yellow and Black. After a difficult fight it resulted in a defeat for Kenbridge.

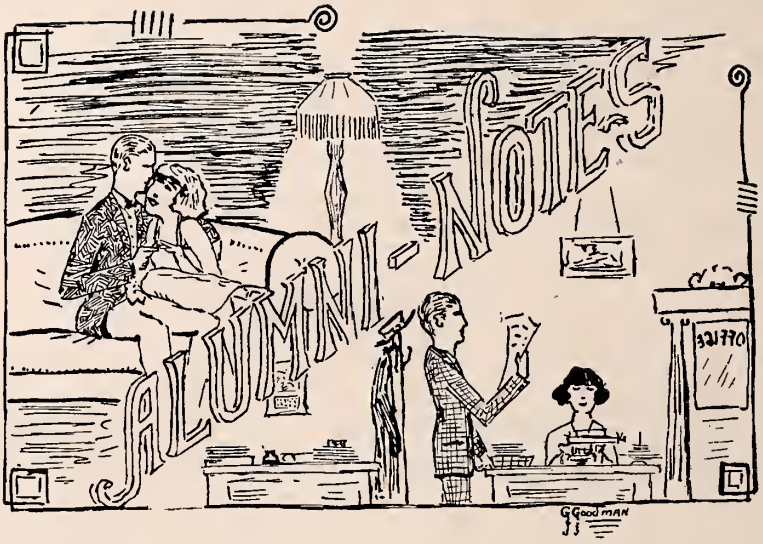
P. H. S. 20—Lynchburg 13.

The girl's team marked a red letter day on P. H. S.'s calendar on November 24 by winning for the first time, on Lynchburg's court, a tight, closely played game. This victory meant a great deal, as Lynchburg's team is an exceedingly strong one and known for its winning ways.

P. H. S. 27—Lynchburg Y. W. C. A. 24

Wish, you may get it—that is if you put up a good fight for it. That's exactly what P. H. S. did when she successfully played the Lynchburg Y. W. C. A., not a weak team by any means, beating them by a score of 27 to 24.

This was the closest game so far as the Y. W. C. A. held our team 13 to 22 at the end of the third quarter. But our forwards, realizing what they had to do in eight minutes did not fail in shooting a goal a minute.



Misses Carolyn Cogbill and Helen Rogerson, '20, who graduated from the Farmville State Normal last year, are teaching in the public schools of Petersburg.

Mr. David George, a former student of this school, is attending William and Mary College this year.

Misses and Margaret and Sue Ritchie, '22, are attending The Harrisonburg State Normal. Miss Louise McCaleb is also attending this term.

Mr. Wilfred Bamber, '22, is continuing his studies at Lynchburg College.

Mr. Andrew Lee Lewis, ex '23, is attending the Kenbridge High School this session.

Miss Lois Barnes, '22, is teaching in the Grammar Schools of Vanderpool, Virginia.

Mr. William Hinton, ex '23, has entered Woodberry Forest, where he will pursue his studies for the coming year.

Mr. Arthur Crawford, '21, has returned to V. P. I.

Mr. Lewis Ridenour, ex '22, entered Washington and Lee University for this term.

Miss Riddle: Name the Presidents from Washington through Harding.

Student: I can't name all of them.

Miss Riddle: When I was young I could name them all.

Student: Huh! You didn't have to name but two.

* * * *

Bernard Cohen: Gee! My hair grows like weeds.

Voice from the rear: Sure, weeds grow on vacant lots.

* * * *

John Welch by curiosity
(Dispatches state) was goaded,
To squint into his old shotgun
To see if it was loaded.

Friends of the family are invited to attend the funeral tomorrow at three o'clock.

* * * *

Miss Miller: Now we shall run over the history lesson.

Olive Branch: Honk! Honk!

* * * *

Fresh: I thought that you took algebra last year.

Soph: I did, but the faculty gave me an encore.

* * * *

Laura Ellen: I'll show you how ten men stood under one umbrella and not a single one got wet.

Sarah W.: How was that?

Laura Ellen: It wasn't raining.

Blank Verse

The boy stood on the burning deck,
It was too hot to sit down.
—Robert Burns.

* * * *

The boy sat in the balcony,
His feet were in the orchestra.
—Longfellow.

* * * *

Have you heard about the new elevator dance? My, what a pity! It's so uplifting. No steps to it at all.

* * * *

Juliet: I wish it were Spring and you were a tree.
Romeo: Why do you wish that?
Juliet: Then you would be leaving.

* * * *

Eldridge Simmons took the elevator to go up to the third floor of Rosenstock's the other day to see Toyland. When he came down soon afterwards he rushed to his mother and exclaimed: "O, Mothaw! I went into a little house and the upstairs came down."

* * * *

Policeman to Man: What are you running for?
Man: To stop a fight.
Policeman: Who's fightin'?
Man: My wife and I.

* * * *

Wise William says that fools throw kisses; wise men deliver them in person.

* * * *

"Perk" was penalized for holding in a foot-ball game.
She: Serves him right. I warned him about it the last time we had a date.

* * * *

Dear little Freshman,
Dry your tears.
You'll be a Senior
In about ten years.

* * * *

"First down, ten more to go," shouted the hangman as he adjusted the noose.

Calcium: She should always profit by others' mistakes.
Carbonate: Sure, look at the undertaker.

* * * *

"A La Mae Murray." This remark was heard in IV-A Geometry class after Mr. Scott had assigned an example to be worked.

Mary C.: Mr. Scott, may I look at Katherine L's figure and work my example by it?

* * * *

Mother: Why John, look at those boils on your face.
Little Brother: Oh, Mary! Come quick; Johnny's boiling over!

* * * *

Heard in the Chemistry Laboratory:
"Gee, you're a Gem."
"Well, would Gillette me kiss you?"
"Say kid, I'm Eveready."

* * * *

There was a boy named Thellu,
But now Thellu is no more,
For what he thought was H2O
Was H2SO4.

* * * *

The scientific definition of a kiss: A kiss is a peculiar proposition. It is of no use to one, yet absolute bliss to two. The small boy gets it for nothing; the young man has to steal it; and the old man has to buy it. It is the baby's right, the lover's privilege and the hypocrite's mask. To a young girl, faith; to a married woman, hope; and to an old maid, charity.

* * * *

First Stude: What proof have we that there was Home Brew on the Ark?
First Stewed: The toad went abroad with the "hops," and the bear was always "bruin."

* * * *

He: What ship carries the most passengers?
She: Why Jawn, the courtship of course.

* * * *

Her: What day in the year do women talk the least?
Him: The shortest one, of course.

Teacher: What is the plural of man.
Bright Pupil: Men.
Teacher: Right. Now what's the plural for child?
Bright Pupil: Twins.

* * * *

Pupil: Please, sir, what is the date?
Prof: Never mind the date, the exam. is more important.
Pupil: Well, sir, I wanted to have something right.

* * * *

Here lies the body
Of William Brown.
Lost at sea,
And never found.

* * * *

Gwendolyn: I wish the Great Lakes were down near New Orleans.
Grandpa: Gracious, why?
Gwendolyn: 'Cause I put them there on my examination paper today.

* * * *

He: Will you marry me?
She: Yes, I will.
A long silence follows.
She: Well, why don't you say something?
He: I've said too much already.

* * * *

Hotel Clerk: With or without bath, madam?
Boy: Get one without, Mother. This is a pleasure trip.

* * * *

Carl Hardy is in deep trouble. The Art Barber Pole needs painting, and he can't buy any striped paint.

* * * *

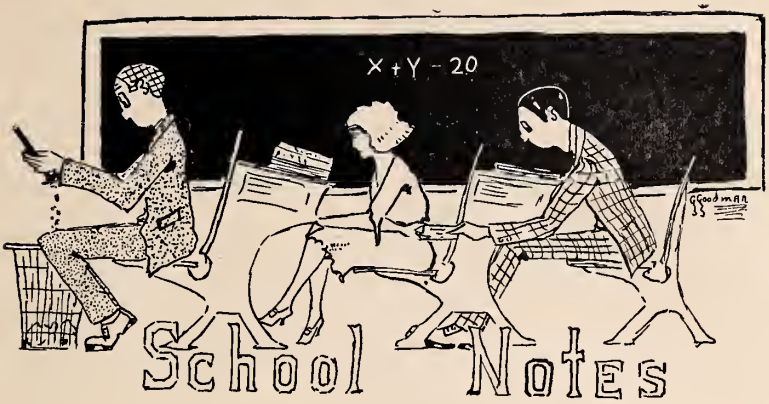
Hello! Hello! Is this 1234567?
Naw, what do you think I am, a box car?

* * * *

Mr. Miller: Miss Betty, my cocoa's cold.
Miss Betty: Well, why don't you put on your hat?

* * * *

We shall now close by singing that little ballad entitled: "We feed the baby onions, so we can find him in the dark."



The play "Happiness" by Hartley Manners was given in the auditorium November 21. The drama easily measured up to its expectations. The National Trio, the next number of the Lyceum course, is eagerly waited by the students.

The Civics Club has started its "clean-up campaign" for the year. The appearance of the building and school grounds proves that the campaign is a success.

As long as Mr. Stuart is among the faculty of the P. H. S., Latin will not die in this school. He recently gave the School Weekly News a very convincing article about the practical value of Latin.

The historic "Crater" was visited by the History Club. Captain Bishop, a veteran of the Civil War, vividly described the famous battle that took place there.

Practically all of the "grads" of 1922 are studying in higher institutions of learning this year. William and Mary and the Harrisonburg State Normal hold a greater part of them.

Mr. George Gaskell, who won the world's championship for amateurs on the Underwood typewriter, gave a demonstration at the High School. He wrote in a test 231 words per minute blindfolded. The local speed demons on the machine witnessed at this flury of speed.

The High School orchestra proves to be one of the school's biggest assets. The orchestra now has fifty-five members and others in training. The orchestra is the best equipped in the State.

The Record: A magazine of quality. Dorothy Hisey's "The Diary of a Boy of Ten" is excellent and Berenice Coleman's "Lee at Lexington," far surpasses anything of this nature reviewed this season. She shows wide knowledge of her subject.

The Daily Cardinal: Yous is a very newsy paper; the editorials are good and snappy.

Brookings School News: An excellent paper, overflowing with news. The department entitled, "We Heard That" is well handled.

The Norhigh News: A well arranged magazine. "Who's Who In The Classes" is a very interesting section. The short stories are good.

The Missing Link: We don't well see how your school could get along without such a "link" as this; it is both newsy and humorous.

Clairtonian News: Small but crammed full of news and "pep." Call again, we like to hear from pioneer papers and wish you luck.

The Virginia Guide: A well arranged paper, interesting and evidently the product of great thought and energy.

EXCHANGE SHOTS

Teacher: "Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?

Student: "At the bottom."

Visitor, passing Mary Baldwin Seminary:
"Is this Mary Baldwin?"
Lady Pedestrian: "No, sir, my name is Sarah Jones."

Fred and Virginia were married and went to the Great Lakes for their honeymoon. The morning after their arrival they went out rowing. The next morning Virginia's mother received the following telegram from her son-in-law: "Arrived safely. Had a fine row before breakfast."
"Oh," she sighed, "To think they have quarreled so soon."

Alfred: "What do you think of the Volstead Act?"
Agnes: "Now, dear, you know I never attend vaudeville."

Customer: "You say this hair tonic is guaranteed?"
Barber: "Yes."
Customer: "What if it makes me lose the little hair I have got?"
Barber: "Then we will give you another bottle."

Pete: "I want to return the nickel I borrowed."
Stubbs: "Which one?"

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